

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, NO. 26

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

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Incidentally the advertisement is a bad one, not only for that particular district but for the whole country. This being the case, we do well to emphasize that in Alberta we are not subject to natural disturbances in the way of cyclones and blizzards, which are not infrequent in the states lying south of Saskatchewan and Manitoba and which are bound sometimes to cross the international line. Regina's, it should be noted, is quite an exceptional experience even for those provinces. All that we wish to point out is that Alberta is still further removed from the belt with which these things are most closely associated.

The people of the Saskatchewan capital had reason to be proud of the wonderful progress that had been made there in every way. From a most unprepossessing beginning a remarkably fine city was being built up. This disaster will prove a setback, of course. But no one can have any doubt that it will be anything but temporary.

The council has decided to submit a by-law providing for the purchase of park-lands in the Groat and Rat Creek ravines at a cost of \$65,000. These will provide connecting links for the general boulevard and park system that is being laid out and the investment will prove a wise one.

A day or so later a decision will be reached by the city council on the proposition submitted by which a gift of 300 acres was made to the city on condition that a dam be built in the valley and the street railway system extended. The required expenditure appears to be \$260,000.

Seeing that the city's bankers are warning that its outlay should be made to go carefully. But the scheme is a good one. There is no more beautiful city than this White Mud ravine. At the time it will be close to a very fine settlement will extend west along the river. This being the case, it would be a wise session of this land at the present time. Dr. Fuller and his associates are of the opinion that there is no great need at the present time to repeat the enormous mistakes made in the past in this connection.

The idea of leasing part of the city's private amusement companies has been guarded against else of unoccupied ground lying about the city that could be secured for the use of the city.

We read in the London Standard that the women of England celebrated the anniversary of the landing of Queen Victoria as the destined bride of the throne by selling millions of artificial wild roses which were worn through the day. Such a celebration in Edmonton at this time of the year should prove a very successful affair with the real flower substituted for the artificial one. People may talk as they like of the rural beauty of other countries. What can match that of a walk along an Alberta trail in late June or early July with the wild rose and scores of other lovely flowers in full bloom. Those who speak as if it were necessary to travel hundreds of miles from Edmonton to see nature in its most charming aspects should take an afternoon off one of these days and do a little exploring of the country that lies round about them.

The importance of adopting the most scientific street cleaning methods, as Edmonton intends to, is emphasized in a recent paper by Sir James Grant of Ottawa.

The constant inhalation of dust, by the irritation it causes, makes the invasion of tuberculosis germs an easy matter, he declares. And this is easily understood. The dust itself is liable to be laden with disease germs, and the irritation caused by the constant inhalation prepares the way for rapid multiplication.

Habitual infections from house dust, according to Sir James, are the most common causes of the spreading of tuberculosis. But the dust of the streets is also charged with danger and even death. This danger is becoming widely recognized, so that "in many cities today the principal cleaning of streets is done at night, and accomplished as an almost dustless operation by automobile vacuum street cleaners."

But if the dust of the street be such a source of danger, it is clear that not only should great care be exercised in the cleaning of the streets, but every

effort should be made to protect from dust the articles of food exposed for sale in the shops. An article of food with a coating of street dust upon it is not only a disgusting sight, but it is a source of real danger. In most up-to-date communities there are strict regulations against the exposing of meats, fruits, vegetables and other things intended for human consumption and they are enforced with more or less severity.

The verdict of history will probably be that the Democratic party on Tuesday, at Baltimore, when they nominated Woodrow Wilson, did something that was to exert a profound influence on the future of the United States and that of civilization at large.

There never was a time when there was more need to have men at the head of affairs in the republic who have no sympathy with the forces of predatory wealth nor with the anarchistic elements that have caused such profound unrest and for the rise of which utterly irresponsible capitalists are in such a large measure to blame.

little likelihood of this now. In fact one of the strongest supporters of the ex-president, anticipating that it would be impossible to secure Wilson's nomination by the Democrats, had started an agitation for the naming of Roosevelt and Wilson as the People's ticket.

The Republican nomination was strictly a machine-made one. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the rank and file wanted Roosevelt and that it was only by the exertion of the influence of federal patronage that the Taft line-up was secured. On the other hand, the choice of Wilson was the result of a genuine popular demand. The men, who use their party to promote the schemes in which they have an interest, did not want him. He had shown too well in New Jersey that they could not control him. But the people have been aroused to the necessities of the crisis and cannot be held back when they go to the polls in November now that the issue has been so clearly defined for them.

Canadian and British citizens generally have watched the proceedings at Baltimore with unusual

Therefore because of what he has done already in a comparatively obscure field and because of the general make-up of the man, we may look for great things from him.

Sir Henry Lucy in the London Observer says that something must be done to limit the length of the addresses given in the British House of Commons if "the mother of parliaments is to be rescued from impending decrepitude." Yet Canadians in visiting England are astounded at the brevity of the speeches heard both inside and outside parliament as compared with the length of those given by our own public men. If a remedy is needed there, how imperative it is in the Dominion. The fact is that the borsome utterances of the average speaker in Canada are responsible more than anything else for the lack of interest in public affairs that we have such frequent occasion to regret. The average politician is aiming all the time at appearing a "heap big man," before his constituents and others rather than at trying to add to the information available on the question being discussed. He keeps on saying undisputed things in such a solemn way till his hearers suffer acute mental agony. All this cannot be allowed to go on indefinitely without some reform measures being attempted.

What is conceded by all to be a very clever play has been attracting large audiences for many weeks back in London. Entitled "Milestones," its three acts give pictures of life in the same family in 1860, 1885 and 1912. Its producers have been very careful about having everything historically accurate and it has given old and middle-aged people an opportunity of seeing themselves as they were a generation or two before. The changes that the years have brought about have been dwelt upon at length by the critics. One writer notes that in 1885 the woman of middle age was to all intents and purposes as old as her mother. In 1912 the same woman is just finding her sweetheart's time, simultaneously with her own. Apparently women are ceasing to become old. Soon we shall have only flappers and If feminism has done this, let us not

for a great deal," writes this observer, "I did—about the deplorable degeneration of the British stage and drama. Can anybody see milestones to look back to point out many first-rate plays were produced there have been during the last few years when they could have been so well acted? There is plenty of rubbish, too, but then there is plenty of theatres and playgoers. The fact on my mind after passing fifty years is that Verne and Eadie was that taste in dress—of any rate, women's clothes; have not changed materially—has greatly improved that period, and that our dramatic have gone up also. The one thing in seem to have had an advantage over us in being able to look out for a new name—Expectations. But, as against this no truth for them to look out for on the stage."

to add, the commentator in question is of Truth.

THE MIRROR.

Regina Wood Pangborn in The Bookman.)

Now all that I have seen, winter-white and summer green—

(Mark! This I learned in three score years and ten)

These things will come again.
As sure as summer rain,
And, as the dying daylight, go again.

I peeped into my mirror when Spring was on my head;
"Oh, lovely Spring," I said, "you are not I."
And the face of a little child
That greeted me and smiled—
It faded like the violets that die.

And when I was a woman my face was Summer's own
(I know because I saw it in the glass)
But I said: "The thing I see
Is nothing like to me,"
And it changed and withered like the ripening grass.

Before my firelit pane I sit and see the winter drifts;
My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.
And my face upon the glass
As melting snow does pass:
Tomorrow and my ghost will be away.

But I'm spring and summertime, fallen leaf and winter rime.

My body is the meadow and the sea:
Yonder mountain is my breast,
With the forest I am dressed—
And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.

Microfilmed by FLOFILM Process
TRADE MARK
SUB
DIVISION

We all know how hard it is to bring politicians to the front who stand in this position. These who refuse to be the tools of corruption are too frequently obsessed with ideas the adoption of which would seriously undermine the economic structure of the country and inevitably throw back the control into the hands of the men who use it for their own selfish ends. All reform must be intelligent to be lasting.

No one can doubt the sincerity of Woodrow Wilson's desire to bring about much-needed changes but he can be trusted to appreciate just to where these changes are leading. It is a most healthy sign of the times when a man, who occupies the position that he does in the world of letters and who was till recently the president of one of the great universities, is brought to the very forefront in spite of the persistent opposition of the so-called practical politicians.

The danger with most men who have had his training is that their ideas will be too academic and have too little relation to every-day life. These may be all right in theory but it will be found impossible to apply them. But Mr. Wilson as governor of New Jersey has shown that there is no foundation for such fears in his case. The story of his fight along the line with the bosses of his own party and the courage and the political acumen that he displayed in its course is a most fascinating one and fills one with the highest hope of what he will accomplish in the wider field to which he is about to be translated.

For everyone believes that he will defeat Mr. Taft in November. If one of the Wall Street Democrats had been chosen at Baltimore, Mr. Roosevelt's third party would have materialized; but there is

interest. There were many who would happen if Champ Clark were chosen. Despite all that his apologists have said he has shown himself an exceedingly unsafe man to have at the White House. A tail-twister as president would be a source of constant uneasiness.

Woodrow Wilson on the other hand has gone further than any American politician has ever done before in his frank expressions of admiration for British institutions. Ten and twenty years ago it would have been impossible for a man who had used the language that he has in this connection to be nominated by one of the parties.

He believes that the constitution of the United States should approach more nearly to that of Great Britain. In New Jersey he has adopted in substance our Cabinet system. The theory of the American constitution is of course that the executive and the legislature should be kept quite independent of one another while in British countries it is necessary for them to work in conjunction. When the members of the legislature of New Jersey showed a disposition to disagree with the governor's ideas, inspired in their opposition by the old-time State Democratic leaders, Wilson undertook to bring them around to his way of thinking. When he could not do this by simple persuasion, he used every possible means to bring the force of public opinion to bear upon them. In this his chief support, let it be noted, was a powerful independent press.

One thing he declined to do, though his opponents said that it was only by this means that he could win out; and that was to use the state patronage to force the legislators into line with him. The story of his success is one of the most inspiring chapters in the whole history of popular government.

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A day or so later a decision was reached in respect to the proposition submitted by Dr. Fuller, by which a gift of 300 acres was to be made to the city on condition that a dam be built to flood the valley and the street railway system be extended. The required expenditure appeared to be too large to justify at the present time, being estimated at \$260,000.

Seeing that the city's bankers have lately given warning that its outlay should be curbed, it is well to go carefully. But the scheme itself is a good one. There is no more beautiful spot in or near the city than this White Mud ravine. In a very short time it will be close to a very large population. Settlement will extend west along the river very rapidly after the completion of the high level bridge. This being the case, it would be wise to secure possession of this land at the present time with the idea of converting it at a later date to some such use as Dr. Fuller and his associates contemplated. There is no great need at the moment of spending large sums on our parks. But the necessary land should be acquired at this stage. We cannot afford to repeat the enormous mistakes that have made in the past in this connection.

The idea of leasing part of the public parks to private amusement companies is not a good one. It has been guarded against elsewhere. There is plenty of unoccupied ground lying close to a street car line that could be secured for these purposes.

We read in the London despatches that the women of England celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Queen Alexandra in that country as the destined bride of the then Prince of Wales by selling millions of artificial wild roses which were worn through the day. Such a celebration in Edmonton at this time of the year should prove a very successful affair with the real flower substituted for the artificial one. People may talk as they like of the rural beauty of other countries. What can match that of a walk along an Alberta trail in late June or early July with the wild rose and scores of other lovely flowers in full bloom. Those who speak as if it were necessary to travel hundreds of miles from Edmonton to see nature in its most charming aspects should take an afternoon off one of these days and do a little exploring of the country that lies round about them.

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"We hear a great deal," writes this observer, "—we always did—about the deplorable degeneration of the British stage and drama. Can anybody who has a few milestones to look back to point to a time when so many first-rate plays were produced in London as there have been during the last few months, or when they could have been so well acted? Doubtless there is plenty of rubbish, too, but then look at the number of theatres and playgoers. The impression left on my mind after passing fifty years with Messrs. Vedrenne and Edie was that taste in furniture and clothes—at any rate, women's clothes; the others have not changed materially—has greatly improved during that period, and that our dramatic standards have gone up also. The one thing in which they seem to have had an advantage over us in 1860 was in being able to look out for a new number of 'Great Expectations.' But, as against this there was no Truth for them to look out for on Wednesdays."

Needless to add, the commentator in question is the editor of Truth.

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(Georgia Wood Pangborn in The Bookman.)

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Before my firelit pane I sit and see the winter drifts;
My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.
And my face upon the glass
As melting snow does pass:
Tomorrow and my ghost will be away.

But I'm spring and summertime, fallen leaf and winter rime.
My body is the meadow and the sea:
Yonder mountain is my breast,
With the forest I am dressed—
And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.



Miss Hajos in "The Spring Maid" at the Empire, July 4, 5 and 6.

We all know how hard it is to bring politicians to the front who stand in this position. These who refuse to be the tools of corruption are too frequently obsessed with ideas the adoption of which would seriously undermine the economic structure of the country and inevitably throw back the control into the hands of the men who use it for their own selfish ends. All reform must be intelligent to be lasting.

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IN MANHATTAN.

He stood on the curb with a puzzled frown, scanning old Broadway up and down. Trusting his neck to the god of luck, he dived in front of an auto truck. Dodged a taxi, and reached the track. Where the screech of a siren sent him back. He turned to the right with a mute appeal, and missed by an inch a hansom wheel. He turned to the left with wild affright, blinding his eyes with an auto light. Somewhere up in the winter sky, a "birdman" let his engine "die". And out of the blue like a shooting star, dropped to earth in his aero car. The only thing that was left to do was to pry up a manhole and go on through. So, raising the lid in wild despair, he dropped down in with a fervid prayer. He landed below with a painful jar, just in front of a subway car!

—Percy F. Montgomery, in New York Times.

We all know we have a first class fire brigade in Edmonton and most people sympathized with Chief Tommy Lauder's appeal before the council the other night for better wages for his men. But we don't take the personal interest in the brigade that some of the towns down east used to do twenty and twenty-five years ago, when firemen's celebrations, things that the small boy could never forget, served to stimulate local pride. Rival towns used to talk of their firemen as they did of their baseball and lacrosse teams. Jones and Brown had a hot discussion one day.

"Take our fire brigade," said Jones, "Do you know, the other day a fire broke out in our town, and within three minutes the engine came along, but it was going so fast that the driver couldn't pull up till he was a mile past the burning house?"

Brown smiled in a superior fashion. "My dear fellow, that's nothing," he said. "One day two men were working on a church steeple in my city, and suddenly one of them slipped. A terrible death would have been his, only, fortunately, a spectator had the presence of mind to call the fire brigade on the telephone, and they came just in time to catch him in a blanket!"

"How did that story pan out about the man out in the north end who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.

"Nothing in it," replied the reporter. "He discovered it wasn't a hailstone after all. The iceman left it there."

Regina used to be known as "Pile o' Bones." Sunday's cyclone did its best to convert it into a pile o' rubbish.

During one of the very busy weeks recently in the Edmonton hotels, a group of commercial travellers sent out a scout to look for rooms. He reappeared and they asked: "Have you anything for us?"

"You bet," he said, "Two dandy chances, a ten minute option on one-third of a big bed and a half-hour's option on half a little bed."

This want advertisement recently appeared in a London paper:

"Wanted: A governess who is a good stenographer to take down the clever sayings of our child."

"What is that noise?" asked the presiding judge, when a witness' voice was nearly drowned by a rasping uproar outside the court.

"My lord," said counsel for the defendant, "I think it is the plaintiff filing affidavits."

Lady: "Have you any creams for restoring the complexion?"

Druggist (tautfully): "Restoring, miss? You mean preserving."

Lady: "Yes. Give me half-a-dozen bottles!"

Todgers: Ah, Count, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Saton."

Count: "It is a great pleasure for me to meet a musician like you, monsieur. I hear zat you and your family play ze music."

Saton: "Me? Why, I don't know anything about music!"

Count: "Non? Zey tell me all round zat you play second fiddle to your wife?"

To instil into the mind of his son sound wisdom and business precepts was Mosenheimer senior's earnest endeavor.

He taught his offspring much, including the business advantages of bankruptcy, failures, and fires—"Two bankruptcies equal one failure, two failures one fire," etc.

Then Mosenheimer junior looked up brightly. "Fadder," he asked, "is marriage a failure?"

"Vell, my poy," was his parent's reply, "if you marry a really very wealthy woman, marriage is almost as good as a failure!"

"Do you think the Government will succeed in reducing the cost of living even if it makes an investigation?"

"It may, but I doubt it. My wife is always able to think of plenty of things we can't afford."

He was a wily old lawyer, and had instructed his client, accused of theft, to weep whenever he struck the desk with his hand.

In the heat of his argument, however, he struck the desk at the wrong moment. His client promptly began to sob with great energy.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the judge severely.

"He told me to cry when he struck the desk," said the prisoner, as she lifted a pair of dry eyes from her handkerchief.

A laugh immediately rang round the room, but the lawyer was not abashed.

"It is not possible," he said, when the laughter had subsided, "that anyone here can reconcile the idea of crime with such candor and simplicity."

"I have no vote, but my groom has," said the suffragette. She smiled bitterly, and added: "I admire my groom for his proficiency, but I'm quite sure that if I went to him and said: 'Well, James, are you going to exercise your franchise?' he would touch his rosy forehead with his forefinger and respectfully reply: 'Please, madam, which horse is that?'"

Those of us who can remember when the Queen of Holland was a little girl and have followed her career with interest, have been astounded by the photographs of her that have lately been published and show that she has become an enormously fat matron. This is not surprising if we are to believe the Paris paper, "La Liberté," which says that this is the Dutch Queen's daily programme of meals: She begins the day with coffee and five pieces of black bread and butter. This is the famous Gelderland dark rye bread which is very filling. At 10 o'clock in the morning she partakes of hot cakes and some cream cheese, with a glass of wine. Then at two comes a dejeuner of several courses. Russian tea and sandwiches follow at 4, and at 8 o'clock Queen Wilhelmina sits down to dinner with a good appetite, and makes it the most important meal of the day. Finally, somewhere between 11 and 12, the Queen has some Tokay wine and biscuits, and presumably sleeps the sleep of the just.

"Does anyone suffer from the sleepwalking habit?" asked the professional joker at a large gathering.

Smithson, who always fancied himself to be delicate, rose to the occasion.

"Yes, I do," he said. "Have done for years. Do you know any remedy?"

"Yes," said the joker. "I have a prescription here I will give you. Take it to a hardware store."

"A hardware store?"

Smithson thought he must have heard wrongly. "Yes, a hardware store. The prescription consists of a paper of tacks. Dose: Two tablespoonfuls to be scattered about the room at bedtime."

FOOLING HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

A young mother in Philadelphia was enabled recently, in quite an accidental way, to be a witness to a curious moral victory achieved by her own little girl, aged ten.

The mother, who was convalescing from an illness of some weeks, was dozing in a big chair in the library, and on a table beside her stood a bowl of fruit. Suddenly the aforementioned child cautiously tiptoed into the room. Thinking her mother quite asleep, the child advanced, took a couple of oranges from the bowl, and silently stole away.

Now, though the mother was greatly grieved by this immoral proceeding on the part of her offspring, she said not a word, nor did she even permit the youngster to see that she was really awake.

About ten minutes later the child reappeared. With the fruit in her hand untouched, she crept into the room just as silently as she had entered before. She replaced the fruit in the bowl, and, as she turned to go, the mother heard her mutter to herself: "That's the time you got left, Mr. Devil!"

SIMILAR TASTES.

Johnnie was only three, but his mother was really concerned at his inordinate fondness for what he termed "pennies." A present of a shining copper cent filled him with delight, a refusal to bestow the same on him invited hysterics, and the pennies, once they were his, were hoarded mercifully.

It was just on the heels of an active discussion between Johnnie and his mama that big sister Hope noticed a shaggy red dog going in and out of the shrubbery, nose to the ground. Over the lawn, along the fence, and around the house went doggie, sniffing steadily all the while. "Why is he doing that?" asked Hope.

"He is a hunting dog; he is following a scent," answered mama.

"Dear me," said Hope, "he must love money almost as much as Johnnie does."

AN ARTIST.

Mrs. Wheatpit: "Do tell, I didn't know Titian was an artist!"

Mrs. Wheatpit: "Sh, mama! Of course he was an artist!"

Mrs. Wheatpit: "Well, now! I thought he got up one of those preparations for the hair!"

ELECTIONEERING IN ENGLAND

That the people take their politics hard in England is indicated in many ways—among these by the periodical mobbing of candidates and political workers which takes place when party feeling runs high. Here is a little sidelight on the joys of electioneering in north-west Norfolk, as set forth by the representative of the London Times:

"This evening, towards the end of his motor-car tour, Mr. Jodrell visited Great Massingham. This village achieved some notoriety at the last election for the turbulent behavior of its inhabitants. The windows of the hall in which the Unionist candidate spoke on that occasion were smashed, the motor-cars of the party were stoned when they left. Unionists who had passed through the place today in motor-cars or on cycles reported that they had been loudly hooted and that the population appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement.

"I drove out to Great Massingham to meet Mr. Jodrell. I found the villagers assembled in groups around the spacious village green. The boys and younger men were armed with formidable sticks and I thought that some of their pockets appeared to be suspiciously bulky. The police were there in some force. Mr. Jodrell was received, however, without open manifestations of disapproval. He walked about the green from group to group, shaking hands in his cordial way and chatting with the men. But he was closely followed everywhere by a couple of policemen.

"After a time the villagers began to sing their Liberal election songs, and to cheer for Mr. Hemmerde. Eventually when the candidate was seen to go towards his car they hooted and hissed vigorously. Apparently they were disappointed that no formal meeting was held. Mr. Jodrell drove away amid renewed expressions of hostility. He had a constable by the driver's side, while another rode in the car. In the circumstances it was a courageous thing for Mr. Jodrell to visit the place, and he was wise in not attempting to deliver a speech."

North-west Norfolk is the constituency which formerly returned Joseph Arch to Parliament, and has remained strongly Liberal since his time. The bye-election held last month resulted in the election of E. G. Hemmerde, Liberal, by some 700 majority.

HOW THE SWEDISH VOTE WAS GOT.

(Winnipeg "Saturday Post.")

There is a story going the rounds of how one candidate in Saskatchewan rounded up the Swedish vote in his constituency. There is a large Swedish settlement in his riding, but the post office has an English name. However, there was a post office in Alberta of the same name, and considerable confusion had occurred with the mail. The Ottawa authorities wrote to the Dominion member suggesting that a change in name be made. He showed it to the candidate and asked for a suggestion. "Give it to me," he remarked, "I will attend to that."

He made a tour of the settlement and said to the homesteaders, "This is a Swedish settlement," "You should have a Swedish name." The Swedes thought it was a fine idea, they were quite enthusiastic. There was a big Swede in the district, wealthy and influential, who pretty well controlled the vote. "How about calling the post office Olesen," he suggested—providing Olesen was the name of the Swede.

Olesen's vanity was tickled, his fellow citizens thought it was great. "All right," he said, "I'll wire the prime minister." He went down to the telegraph office and wired, "Prime Minister of Canada. Change the name of post office to Olesen." He conveniently saw that the despatch was killed, but arranged with the sitting member to change the name. On the strength of his wonderful pull with the prime minister the candidate almost landed a solid vote at the settlement next election.

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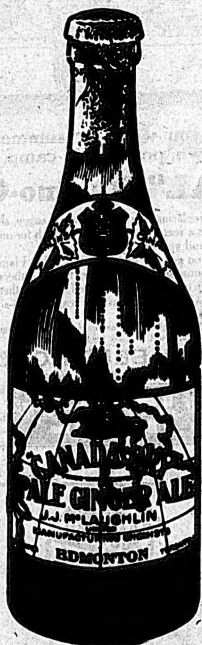
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TO A TERRIER.

Crib! On your grave beneath the chestnut boughs
Today no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you
drowse

In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,
Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,
Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.

And yet mayhap, some night when shadows pass,
And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,
That should one whistle 'neath a favouring star
Your small white shade shall flutter o'er the grass,
Queuing for him you loved o' days gone by,
Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar!

—London Punch.

Although this article has to do with cats, pray
do not be deceived. I am not writing up your pet
long-tailed Angoras. I am not even thinking of the
woes and walls of the back lane pussy. What I
have in mind are the "freside cats" Henrietta
Crossman told us about in her delightful play, "The
Real Thing," and which you know were not cats at
all, but women who had settled down to a com-
placent, uninteresting, and too domesticated exist-
ence, only to be compared to that of the sleepy
feline, whose ambition is bounded by a rocking-
chair beside the fireplace, enough to cat, and an
occasional stroking by the hand of those who are
fond of her.

I know that I am treading on dangerous ground.
Already I hear a spitting from several of the home
cats I am trying to oust from their pillows and
favorite corners.

Blaze away, my pussies; rouse yourselves and
scratch if you will, but face facts. When Henrietta
Crossman pictured you, as she did for us, at the Empire Theatre
last week, did she malign you, or did she just show
you to yourselves as some others have for a long
time seen you?

The "freside cat" is a development of a once
frisky kitten. She is the kitten with all the joy
of living gone out of her. She is at heart a lazy
creature, too self-centred to rouse herself to try
and retain any of her past attractions, or to con-
sider the idea of adding to her stock in trade any
new ones.

The strange thing about "freside cats" is that
as a general rule they started out the most brilliant
and fascinating creatures of their own particular
little circles. If there is no worse tyrant than a
reformed rake, there is no worse stick-in-the-mud
than your attractive woman who "settles" down.
I hate the word "settle." It suggests curl papers,
and wrappers, and everlasting dusters, and con-
versation about servants and strawberry jam, and
a dowdy hat, and forward children, and a mouth
that droops, and eyes out of which all the cheer
and sunlight has fled.

I don't know yet why they called the play
"The Real Thing," but I know they gave it to us.
A better title would have been "The Understudy."
Nearly every "settled down woman" has one—
or more, as Miss Crossman defined it for us.

"An Understudy"? Sometimes she is a neigh-
bor, sometimes a widow in the next town. Just
a "girl," the wee boy put it. Well, anyway she
nearly always crops up, if the Cinderella of the
freside doesn't keep a lee eye on a nice spangly gown,
cherish her accomplishments, remember to smile,
even if her heart is very, very sad, and do all the
other brave, foolish things that keep a man a lover
always.

"Us women have a hard time of it," as the
small girl remarked, but it's really up to us to be
as attractive as we can until they plant a little
tomb-stone over us, extolling what wonderful women
we have been. And so make our "worse halves"
harder to suit for No. 2.

I have always thought of the woman who
captured a man by her accomplishments and after
marriage promptly dropped them, as a sort of a
cheat. She has won him by her vivacity, her camara-
derie, her palship, but having got him—Tread!
the line of least resistance for hers. He is her husband,
nobody else can have him. Then what easier than
if she is tired out, to refuse to go out with him. To
go to bed with the children, rather than stay up
and spend the evening according to his notion;
to neglect the little niceties of dress, and burying
herself with her infants and the cooking utensils;
to forget that her husband has a pair of eyes, and
that every man who is a man, is attracted by pretti-
ness and daintiness, and sunshine and gladness,
and that the poor household drudge hasn't much
chance of holding her own if she doesn't keep her
eye on these facts.

A lot of women seem to think that it's only
necessary to marry a man to keep him faithful
ever after. Well, it's a queer thing, you know,
but this doesn't seem to be the case at all, at all.
Granted that every man worth while would sooner
look for love and life in his own home than he would

any place else under Heaven, if he doesn't find it
there, he's going to find it some place. That's one
thing certain.

Miss Crossman told us that we had been malign-
ing man.

If the way to his heart ever was through his
"tummy," it is so no longer. Now his eye and his
vanity are the high-roads to his favor, and a saucy
pink bow, and a well-hung skirt, and a little piquing
of his interest, can work wonders.

I have seen literally hundreds of good, selfish
women slave their lives away in their children's and
husband's service. I believe they were honest in
thinking they were doing right in the matter. Some
of us don't agree with them. A prison regime is
no stricter than the way their day's work is laid
out. Nothing is allowed to alter the schedule by
a half hour. That sort of woman makes a good
housekeeper, but a tyrant of a wife. Love soon
flies out of her windows, and petty tyrannies and
scowls fly in to take its place.

I should like to see a Before and After photo
exhibition of the wives and husbands I know. What
a tale it would tell!

Oh, the women aren't the only ones who settle
down and vegetate. There are millions of sleek
old "tom cats" hugging their side of the fireplace.
Same result, man Understudy, that's all.

Life is a game of give and take, and the coin
most acceptable on the road is a smile. The cleverest
people in the world are those who keep a good stock
of them on hand. For a man can be a very Solomon
of wisdom and a very devil of a husband to live
with. And a woman may be a very Fanny Merritt
Farmer of a cook, or have the mind of a George
Elliott, and give her husband an indigestion of his
food and her sharp wit.

Do you know, I believe that there are far more
good mothers than there are good wives. I mean
a great many more indulgent mothers. There's
a heap of difference.

I think being a good "pal" sums up both husband
and wifehood as it should be, best, because pals love
to be together; they generally have the same interests;
they are loving without being foolish. You can't
imagine any "pal" being a slave to his friend.

It's all in beginning right, it seems to me.
Keeping one's individuality and what charm one
has, in spite of cares and babies and strawberry
jam, and maids who will and those who won't, and
eggs at thirty cents, and "his" uncertain tempers
and all the rest of it.

I don't know what the Real Thing is, really,
but I suspect it's being eternally young at heart, and
loving without being servile. Tell me, some of you,
what you think about it.

In these cat-doggy days, lend me a helping
hand by looking in The Mirror and seeing something
besides my own reflection.

The expected has happened. I had my dog
run over by a motor car last week, and now I'm look-
ing for a two-seated green car with the letter "P" on
it as a fairly good clue to finding the offending driver.
Perhaps this personal grievance sharpens my pencil,
but I do think it is high time that more attention
was directed to motors and motor cycles, and the
speed at which they are driven. Seventh street
has developed into a veritable speedway of late.
The rate at which many cars travel along its high-
way is a daily menace to every child and pedestrian
on the street. The road-bed is a good one, and the
fast fellows appreciate the opportunity. But we
who travel afoot, don't see eye to eye with the
"chauffs" in this matter, and before long, someone
is going to kill someone and there's going to be a
jolly old row all around.

On any crowded street, or on a thoroughfare
within the city limits, a man has no right to exceed
the fifteen miles an hour allowed him by the law.
He can't do it and have an instant control of his
car.

Admitted that some slow-moving vehicles and
people are most terribly aggravating from a driver's
point of view the fact remains that the man who
handles a car or horses, does so on sufferance of the
vast majority who walk.

There are men and women driving motors in
Edmonton who have as much right to be behind a
wheel, as I have to navigate an aeroplane. A few
of us have been fairly decent in the past about
allowing ourselves to be mown down, and narrowly
avoiding being murdered in cold blood, but there's
a limit to our endurance. Some day the worm will
turn.

The chauffeur who knocks down a dog, would
be equally indifferent about running over a child,
but human life is still too precious out west to be
needlessly endangered, and a few stiff sentences in
the police courts to would-be Vanderbilt Cup racers,
would work wonders in dampening their enthu-
siasm.

Pat: "O! see that they've dug up some Egyptian
joolry six thousand years old."

Mike: "How can it be? This is only nineteen
hundred en 'Iven."

THE BEST PEACE MEMORIAL.

Of all the suggestions put forward for the commemoration of
the century of peace between English-speaking people none is
more worthy of consideration than
that we follow the example of
Chili and Argentine.

Let us repeat the story. A few
years ago Chili and Argentine were
brought to the verge of war over
a disputed boundary. Arms were
being gathered; munitions of war
were being collected; troops were
mobilizing. Then, at the initiative
of dignitaries of the Roman Catho-
lic Church, the question was re-
ferred to the arbitration of Great
Britain. The award, when given,
was accepted by both parties.
Troops were disbanded, munitions
dispersed, and cannon, now ren-
dered useless, cast into a monu-
ment representing a giant figure
of The Christ. At the highest point
in the Andes, on the line lately
under dispute, this monument was
erected and on it written the de-
claration, in letters of enduring
brass, that sooner would the sur-
rounding mountains crumble into
dust than Argentines and Chileans
embroil their hands in each others'
blood.

Thus this noble monument
stands—an appeal to the eye, an
appeal to the imagination, an ap-
peal to the religious sense and to all
that is best in humanity. It is
inconceivable that hostile armies
could ever pass that monument
from which the face of the Redeem-
er of all looks down and daily re-
calls the message and command
that first came to the watchers
on the Plains of Bethlehem—

"Peace on Earth"

Why not a similar monument
on the borders of Canada and the
United States? And what more
fitting place for the same than as
a crown for the arch of a Bridge of
Peace across the gorge of Niagara—
the gorge around which the fiercest
fighting of the war of 1812 took
place?—Toronto Weekly Sun.

SHOULD SMITH GO TO CHURCH?

The leading article in this
month's Atlantic is written by
Meredith Nicholson, the novelist,
and is entitled "Should Smith go
to Church?"

Its author begins by saying he
thinks he should, that he himself
sets a good example of church-
going, and thereupon proceeds in
a clever and interesting manner to
give various reasons why Smith
stays away, incidentally, but not
ill-naturedly, touching upon what
he considers the weak points in
present-day religious organizations
their errors of omission and com-
mission, and insisting that the
church should so order its ways as
to reach Smith and bring him into
the fold.

The average man in the United
States whom Mr. Nicholson is
writing of as Smith, is just such
another as the average man in this
country.

He is "diligent in business, a
kind husband and father" is "the
best of fellows," one who is "worthy
of the church's best consideration."

Even if the ninety-and-nine were
snugly housed in the fold, Smith's
soul is still worth saving.

Yet Smith will not go to church.
He "doesn't care a farthing
about the state of his soul."

He is "far from being a fool,"
says Mr. Nicholson, "and if by his
test of 'What's in it for me?' he
finds the church wanting, it is,
as he would say, 'up to the church'
to expend some of its energy in
proving that there is a good deal
in it for him."

"Smith now spends his Sunday
mornings golfing, or pottering about
in his garden or in his club or office,
and after the mid-day meal he takes
a nap and loads his family into a
motor for a flight countryward."

Smith does not and will not go
to church.

"And," concludes the author,
"the great danger both to the
church and to Smith lies in the
fact that he does apparently get
on so comfortably without it."

Home and Society

If I had my way of it, there would be no social notes during the summer months. Pity the poor society scribe who has to chase copy every day the year round. Every day, and no one doing anything in particular, to chronicle, and everyone searching the paper for something to gossip about, in the little lakeside summer resorts where nothing ever happens.

Then too people are so changeable in regard to their comings and goings during the warm season.

Now this morning I think I met in town practically every person I have seen announced by their papers as having left a week or more ago, for other parts. They were all still going, or had changed their minds, or something had happened, but they all said they felt foolish. So it goes.

Every day I see on the street the boys and girls who are just home from their colleges and boarding schools. Most of them have grown out of all belief, and are so fresh-looking, so happy and attractive it is a delight to look at them.

Many parents have just been awaiting their coming before departing for their summer holidays, and from now on I am afraid town will look very deserted to us who stay at home.

In the Blue Moon I miss the various coteries, who all winter at the tea hour, have forgotten there.

Indeed, except at the golf links and tennis courts, very few of the usually intimate little circles see much of each other during July and August.

Next month the Medical Convention will bring shoals of visitors to town. The Exhibition, too, will add its quota of excitement, but in the meantime, a cup of tea on a neighbor's verandah is the most intoxicating form of social excitement.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Nightingale, and Mrs. Calderon leave this Saturday, to spend a fortnight at the Heathcott's cottage at Lac Ste. Anne.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat who are enjoying a lovely visit in England, are not returning next month, as they had intended, but are remaining in the Old Country until October.

Mrs. W. E. Lines, Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Lines' two children returned on Monday from an extended holiday at the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. Mac Mowat, and Mr. Wilfrid Barnes spent the 1st of July week end at the C.P.R. hotel at Banff, taking in the usual hop on Saturday night.

Mrs. Forney, of Moscow, Idaho, arrived on Thursday to spend a month or two with her daughter, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison.

Miss Marjory Brown left last Saturday to visit friends and relatives in London, Hamilton and Toronto.

Mr. Harold Brown expects to go out to the coast sometime this week, to spend a fortnight with Mrs. Sydney Woods.

Mrs. Hyndman, Sr., and Mr. Harry Hyndman, left this week to spend the summer in their old home in Charlotetown, P.E.I. I hear that Mrs. Edmiston and her daughter, Gertrude, who have just returned from England, are also visiting in the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Hobson and their infant son, Charles, left on Thursday for the coast, where they will spend the summer, and probably make it their permanent residence.

A jolly little dance broke the monotony for the week on Saturday night for the younger set, when Mrs. Kinnaird entertained about sixty of her young son's friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Day announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Elsie, to Dr. A. Arthur Rooney, the marriage to take place in the early fall.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McQueen leave at the end of this week for a three months' visit to the Old Country, their daughter, Marjorie, going with them as far east as Toronto, where she will visit friends.

The rest of the family are going to spend the summer at their camp at Cooking Lake, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Douglas were among those who enjoyed last Saturday's hop at the C.P.R. hotel in Banff. Mr. and Mrs. McHaffi were other Edmonton visitors.

There will be a special sale all of next week at "Cranford House," 519 Seventh St., of choice mahogany and walnut furniture, including dining-room sets, hall tables, tea tables, occasional chairs, desks, book-cases, sofas, coffee tables, and easy chairs. Also an exhibition of some beautiful oil and water-color pictures by such well-known artists as George Chavignaud, J. W. Beatty, C. J. Way, and J. M. Barnsley, a large collection of hunting pictures suitable for dining room, hall or den. Some beautiful old bric-a-brac, Sheffield candlesticks, Turkish plaques, and such attractive favors suitable for gifts or bridge prizes, with a few exquisite pieces of jewelry.

This sale, at specially reduced prices, is a unique opportunity for those who love the now eagerly sought treasures of long ago, or for the young bride who would like to have her home somehow different from the ordinary run of houses, to pick up some really charming things at extraordinarily low prices.

The sale will continue for the entire week and then close.

Those who go early will of course secure the best selection.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin of Twenty-third St., are rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter, born June 29th.

I see Mrs. Hugh Campbell home again, looking splendidly after a delightful visit to Port William.

The result of last week's golf tournament in the ladies' open singles was as follows:

Mrs. Bishopric vs. Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Bishopric won.

Mrs. Simpson vs. Miss Savage, Mrs. Simpson won.

Mrs. Bishopric and Mrs. Simpson will play off in the final on Monday.

In the ladies' handicap, a single round, Miss Eileen Gifford won the Edmonton Brewing Co.'s cup—her score being 65-9-56.

Mrs. Simpson, 51-3-48.

Miss Dorothy Gifford, 69-10-59.

Mrs. Bishopric, 63-3-60.

Mrs. Goodchild, 68-6-62.

The first round of the men's singles was also played.

Mr. Heathcott vs. Mr. Chattell, Mr. Heathcott won.

Mr. Garrett vs. Mr. Torson, Mr. Garrett won.

Mr. Walker vs. Mr. Goodchild, Mr. Walker won.

Mrs. Graydon was one of the Edmontonians visiting in Regina at the time of the terrible disaster. She has since returned home, none the worse except for the nervous shock, of her very trying experience.

Miss Irene Harbottle arrived on Monday from Toronto, where she has been engaged in taking vocal culture.

Miss Kathleen Graydon is visiting her cousin, Miss Ruby Young, of Calgary.

Miss Kitty Haycock and Miss Magee of Ottawa, arrived in town this week to open Mrs. Booth's country residence, on the south side.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Jennings have a raft in course of construction on which they expect to take a glorious trip down the noble Saskatchewan. Needless to remark that intimate friends are hinting that there is nothing in the world which they would like so much as to go too. Rafts, unfortunately, however, are not usually designed for excursion parties, and the chances are that the guests, if guests there are to be, will have to be strictly limited.

Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald is giving a birthday party for her little son, Garth, on the lawn at "Glencoe" on Friday, afternoon, the fond mamas being invited for tea on the verandah at five.

Mrs. Macdonald has as her guest, Miss Bradley of Montreal and Ottawa, who will spend the summer with her, and also assist her to receive on Wednesday afternoon next.

Mrs. Heffernan, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Graves, and her small son, has gone to spend the summer at the coast.

Mrs. Pace of Winnipeg told me last week that the chances were that she and her husband would move back to Edmonton shortly, if they could secure a suitable house.

The following account of Mr. Ralph Douglas's wedding to Miss Brenda Newton of Winnipeg, and which was celebrated in Holy Trinity church in that city, on Thursday night, the Ven. Archdeacon Fortin performing the ceremony, will be read with much interest by Mr. Douglas's many friends at the Capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas are very well known throughout the entire west, and count their friends by the hundreds. Their boys, too, have always been exceedingly popular with the younger set, so that the young bride comes to her new home with a host of people ready to give her the kindest of welcomes.

Following is the account:

The interior of the sacred edifice was relieved with verdant palms and white peonies. Pink and white sweet-peas knotted with white satin ribbon marked the guest pews.

Mr. Waffel presided at the organ, the ushers, Mr. W. B. Beecher and Mr. Alan Crawley, leading the bridal procession.

The bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, was very lovely in ivory satin chateau veiled with ivory Brussels net, embroidered in white floss, pearls and crystals, her veil coronetted with orange blossoms. A bouquet of orchids and valley-lilies was carried. Her gift from the groom was a pendant of pearls and peridots.

Miss Leslie and Miss Rae Newton, the bride's sisters, attended as bridesmaids, both wearing white satin veiled with white milon, embroidered in lavender and pink and finished with fuchsia of shadow lace. Their hats of white tagel braid were trimmed with plumes and faced in the tints of the gown. They carried bouquets of white roses and sweet-peas—the first having chosen lavender, the latter pink, and each carrying the bridegroom's gift, a silver chataleine.

A niece of the bride, Miss Frances Pace, wore a white frock and carried a basket of marguerites, making a dainty flower-girl. Her gift was an enamel bar pin.

Mrs. Newton, mother of the bride, wore lavender nixon mounted on satin of the same shade, with a

(Continued on page 5)

A Little Known Story of An Attempt on the Czar's Life

H. Jones Thaddeus, the artist, in his "Recollections of a Court Painter," gives us some glimpses into Royal circles. Thaddeus first met the Duke of Teck, father of our present Queen, at Florence in 1883, and his many letters from the members of the family confirm the author's words:

"I was fortunate enough to be admitted into the small circle of intimate friends which surrounded the Duchess, the irresistible spell fell over me, and I laid my most respectful homage at her Royal feet."

After a dinner at the Villa Seefeld at Bad Horn, where resided Princess Catharine of Wurtemberg, Thaddeus was called upon to do some car tracings.

"When I came to the well-known three-card trick, Her Royal Highness tried in vain to find the right card. As I continued to mystify her, the august features relaxed with amused wonder, the severe expression disappeared, and eventually Princess Catharine leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily. That three-card trick was the "Open Sesame" to the heart of the Princess Catharine, in whose favor I rose high, and on subsequent visits to Seefeld we soon became absorbed in the game, her Royal Highness so far forgetting her scruples as to bet on the chosen card."

"Towards the members of the household, however, the habitual austerity of their august mistress did not relax, and as at last they began to believe there was some magic in the cards, in the charity of my heart I taught them secretly the mysteries of the game."

"On my return to Florence from Cannes, where I had been to pay my promised visit to the Grand Duke, I was the bearer of a letter and present from the Grand Duchess Anastasia to her aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, who had arrived in the City of Flowers during my absence. When I called to fulfil my mission the Queen was ill, so I left the packet and letter with the Lady-in-Waiting, and dismissed the matter from my mind."

ROYAL VISITORS.
"Some weeks later two ladies came to the studio to inspect my work. One of them I knew; the other, more elderly, was a stranger to me. If my name was mentioned I did not catch it, yet there was something in her face which seemed familiar. In the course of conversation this lady exhibited an inquisitiveness which did not please me; her inquiries about the Grand Duchess Anastasia and the Queen of Wurtemberg being, I thought singularly lacking in good taste. I answered reluctantly, and only so far as politeness required; the volley of questions, however, continuing, I lost patience at the indiscretion of my interlocutor, and as courteously as I could suggested that it would be best for her to apply to the Queen herself for the information she seemed so anxious to get. It is not impossible that I expressed this wish with a certain warmth, as the visit was becoming tiresome, and I was anxious to return to my work. To my surprise, however, the unknown lady settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and clasping her friend's hand in a kind of ecstasy, laughed immoderately. My look of pained reproach seemed to add to her merriment and that of her friend, until at last, exhausted by laughing, the strange lady said:

"I am the Queen of Wurtemberg!"

PLOT AGAINST THE CZAR.
During the Spring of 1886 Thaddeus occupied at Cannes the same villa as the family of the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia. There he painted the portrait of her daughter, the Grand Duchess Elena. It was during one of the sittings that Thaddeus heard from the mouth of the mother a first-hand account of the attempt to blow up the Czar:

"I must commence," she said, "by telling you that the Czar attached great importance to punctuality, and all the members of the family were expected to assemble for dinner before he made his appearance, which happened in-



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variably as the dinner-hour was striking.
"To be late was to incur his displeasure—a thing we all dreaded, none more than myself."
"He generally exchanged a few words with a distinguished guest or some member of the family he wished to favor, and then passed with the Czarina toward the dining room, to reach which two ante-

(Continued on page five)

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HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page 4)

hat of tagel braid trimmed with a mount of pale yellow tips.

Mrs. Howard Douglas, the bridegroom's mother, wore cream chiffon figured in black, with a white lace coat made empire, and white hat trimmed with black plumes and pink roses.

A reception followed the ceremony at the church, the decorations being peonies, palms and ferns. The bridal table was ablaze with lilies-of-the-valley, four baskets gracing the corners, while the wedding cake, mounted with the same bloom, occupied the centre.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left on the late train for Banff, the bride wearing a grey tailored costume of serge, with a hat of white tagel braid trimmed with clusters of French roses and cream lace.

The Investor

In view of what the holdings of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Edmonton have meant to the real estate situation here and to the general course of the city's development, some recent comment on the policy of the company which the financial editor of London Truth published is of more than ordinary interest. It throws some light on why it took so long for the old company to open up its reserve, additional sections of which are being offered next week, by the way. The issue of Truth in which this appears is May 22. Apparently the writer had heard nothing of the sensational sale which had taken place in Edmonton a week or so before. One would think from this that the only private demand for the company's land was in London.

The article is as follows:

The innovation just made by the Hudson's Bay Company of holding sales of Canadian town lands in London has naturally excited a good deal of comment. Some shareholders are asking, in a manner which suggests misgivings, what lies behind the company's policy. The Hudson's Bay Company has hitherto not attempted to hurry the sale of its town lands, rightly arguing that the longer such lands were held the better prices they would command. Two reasons have been put forward to account for the board's latest action. One is connected with the taxation of land in Alberta, the suggestion being that the company wishes to pass on to other hands part of the burden of taxation. This seems an insufficient motive, though incidentally it is amu-

ing to hear people who are constantly telling us that capital is being driven out of this country to Canada and other places overseas by the land and other taxes imposed by a prodigal Chancellor of the Exchequer now raising the theory that a Canadian company is getting rid of its native investments to avoid imposts levied in the Dominion. The other reason put forward is that the company is wanting to raise money on account of its ambitious new trading policy on the multiple-shop principle.

A rumor has recently been circulated that the various lots of land offered to the city and school board of Edmonton by the Hudson's Bay Company may eventually realize somewhere about £700,000—that is to say, when all the instalments have been paid up. Accepting as an approximation that the Edmonton city property being offered this month in London will realize about £175,000, and adding the above figure of £700,000, together with £60,000 which may be realized for a special block of 155 acres to the City of Edmonton for the purpose of establishing public parks, gives a total not very far short of £1,000,000. A shareholder who has written me expresses the belief that the company's new policy of erecting buildings and carrying out further improvements is not likely to fall short of that sum. He understands that the management is about to expend a sum of £265,000 in erecting stores at Calgary, Yorkton and Vancouver, and this estimate does not include the mammoth stores to be built later at Winnipeg. It is stated that the Calgary and Vancouver stores will be got up like palatial museums, with ornamental front elevations in costly terracotta, with rows of great columns across the front. Both buildings will commence as six-story elevations, with foundations to enable them later to be converted into erections ten storeys high. Next year, when the company commences building its new stores at Winnipeg, this edifice is to surpass in luxury and grandeur all the other mammoth stores in the world's capitals.

My correspondent asserts that if his fellow-shareholders do not prohibit what he regards as the company's unnecessary extravagance they may later find themselves saddled with a palatial store at Winnipeg sacred to the memory of £500,000 or more as a building speculation, with an increasing loss on its annual trading. He adds that because of the conflicting opinions as to the financial success of the company's retail trading multiple shops and stores Hudson's Bay shares are becoming gambling counters for bulls and bears. Without necessarily agreeing with all that my correspondent has written, I have thought it worth while to give the gist of his letter, in order to show that the new policy of the Hudson's Bay Company is not one that the shareholders as

(Continued on page eight)

A Little Known Story of an Attempt on the Czar's Life

(Continued from page four)

chambers had to be traversed. We were, therefore, usually seated at table between five and ten minutes after his arrival, and as his punctuality never varied, it was safe to assume that ten minutes after the dinner hour the first course was being served in the dinner-room.

"The Anarchists evidently timed the explosion to occur during the early part of the dinner, relying on the strict punctuality of the Czar, and allowing about ten minutes grace to make sure.

"On the afternoon of this dreadful day one of my children was taken ill; I was very much upset and distressed in consequence. When reminded that it was time to dress for dinner, I was loth to leave the bedside of the little sufferer, who supplanted me to stay, and I lingered on.

"At last I was obliged to tear myself away, and before my toilette was completed heard with dismay the clock striking the dinner hour. I finished as rapidly as possible, and hurried to the Czar's apartment, where I found everybody already assembled.

AN UNUSUAL DELAY.

"You cannot imagine the feeling of relief I experienced when I remarked that the Czar was not in the room.

"He had not yet arrived, and such an unusual occurrence was the subject of general comment.

"About ten minutes after the usual time the Czar made his appearance, and it then transpired that he had not noticed the time passing while discussing a matter of importance with the French Ambassador, who had recently arrived.

"After his usual short conversation and a few kind words to myself regarding the child, he proceeded with the Czarina toward

(Continued on page eight)

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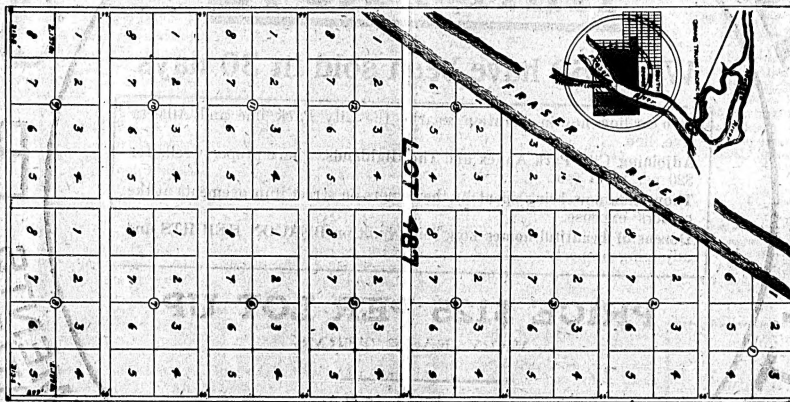
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Music and Drama

Mr. Herman Veil, who was principal of the second violin section of the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra when it toured the west, has become a resident of Calgary. No wonder he didn't come to Edmonton after the audiences that turned out to the orchestra's concerts here.

The case which was tried last week before Justice Beck in which the defendant was Mrs. Katharine Campbell, of Chicago, the divorced wife of John Hillard Campbell, serves to recall the latter to many. He was the baritone with the Rosclans, the first company that undertook to supply operatic attractions in this part of the Dominion. Its work was poor in many respects, with practically no chorus and no staging, but some of the individual singers were excellent. Mr. Campbell was one of them. His *Fra Diavolo* was a real treat. He afterwards engaged in business for a short while in Edmonton.

One would think that the composer of such an immense operatic success as "*Floradora*" and the writer of such a song as "*Soldiers of the Queen*" would be rolling in wealth. But Leslie Stuart was adjudged a bankrupt in London last week.

There are rumors current that a strike of 15,000 vaudeville actors may be called by the White Rats of America, which is the incorporated body of all leading vaudeville players, because of alleged injustice on the part of the United Booking Office in denying the association the right to be represented by attorneys at their conference with the booking concern. Another complaint is that they are taxed 7½ per cent. of their salaries for fees of one kind and another, and the vaudeville managers will not accede to the request that the conference be attended by representatives of the press. The White Rats is not only a powerful national association, which is now erecting an imposing office building on Forty-sixth street, directly west of Broadway, but is affiliated with all the vaudeville unions in Germany, England and France.

John F. Webster, the well-known New York writer on dramatic topics, has this to say regarding the latest venture of our visitor of some two or three months ago, Miss Margaret Anglin:

"The public mood may have had its influence, but its own defects are chiefly responsible for the disastrous experience of Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "*Lydia Gilmore*." There were many good

moments in the short lived play, and the sustained characterization of the difficult central role will rank as one of Miss Anglin's very finest achievements. A little more help from the dramatist, or fewer handicaps, and her magnificent acting might have borne the play off in triumph, burdens and all, carrying also the public mood with her. But the actress had too much against her. The author, too sparing of himself and his own inventiveness, leaped improbabilities, with the agility of a fawn; and his effort to introduce novel situations into a threadbare theme resulted in incongruities that bereft the play of theatrical credibility at its most vital moments. The effect of the big trial scene, moreover, had been forestalled by "*A Butterfly on the Wheel*." A faithless husband, carrying on an intrigue with a neighbour's wife, surprised on one of his nocturnal visits, kills the husband in self-defense, then hurrying home to beg protection of his wife, the wife swearing to an alibi in court, the prosecuting attorney the woman's avowed friend, and conducting the cross-examination, after collusion with the witness; then the discovery of new evidence that establishes the husband's guilt in spite of their efforts, followed by his suicide in the cell—such is the thrilling narrative material of which the play is made. Mother-love is made the dramatic motive, and we had it thrust upon us in several mawkish scenes."

Dr. Coward's famous Sheffield choir has been singing in Paris where a hundred thousand people gathered in front of the Hotel de Ville to hear them. Concerts were given in a public square in each of the twenty municipal divisions of the city.

The musical column in Winnipeg Town Topics is always readable to the real music lover. It is educational in a strict sense. Here is an excerpt from last week:

"As Beethoven lay awake one night he heard someone knocking at a neighbor's door. The noise was repeated a number of times and consisted each time of four knocks in regular time. From these the great composer got an idea, and the greatest of all violin concertos was the result. Anyone familiar with this incident, on hearing the four strokes on the tympani with which the composition begins, will be likely to imagine someone standing at a door in the dead of night, knocking for admission. Where one's thoughts will go after that it is impossible to say; for if Beethoven had any further "*programme*" in his mind, he has neglected to give it to the world. There is a serenity about the first movement that corresponds closely enough to the calmness of a quiet night, but it is impossible to assign a definite meaning to any part of the music except those four beats.

"A few years ago the writer travelled through Italy with a man who knew no Italian and was therefore unable to understand the titles of many of the paintings for which that country is famous,

and he could not really enjoy looking at a picture unless he knew the meaning of the title. There are many people who have the same difficulty about appreciating music, and song is therefore in general the only kind of music that appeals strongly to them. The singer who seeks their approval must sing in a language they understand and be very careful of his enunciation. The music-lover who cares very little about the words will be found as a rule to be the more appreciative listener to music in general. He does not require any titles for Mendelssohn's "*Songs Without Words*," especially as the composer himself did not give them any. To him Beethoven's "*Appassionata*" sonata would appeal just as strongly without the name, which, by the way, was not given to it by Beethoven. Some people get more pleasure from reading a drama than from seeing it played, preferring to imagine the characters and settings to suit themselves. Likewise, the kind of music-lover just mentioned prefers his own imaginings to those of other people, and does not even require any suggestions from the composer."

MUSINGS AT WEYMOUTH.

When Xerxes saw his host march past,
Lamented he with copious tears
That none of all that army vast
Would be alive in five-score years.

Last week I saw the British fleet
In Weymouth Bay assembled ride—
The largest, strongest, most complete
That ever stirred a patriot's pride.

I didn't weep; it isn't form,
These modern days, for men to cry;
I merely mopped my visage warm
And mused with melancholy sigh:

"We fill not long this mortal stage;
Our life too fast away it slips,
Yet might it still be dubbed an age
Compared with that of battleships!

"A hundred years! For pity sheer,
The Persian wept his short-lived men!
How many of these Dreadnoughts here
Shall e'en survive," thought I, "in ten?"

Then why this eager, feverish haste?
And why this hot, competing strife?
Unaccounted gold why reckless waste
On what enjoys so brief a life?

So, John and Fritz, attend my lay,
Nor squander thus your wealth and power,
Yourself but creatures of a day,
In building creatures of an hour.

—Truth.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

They had been married but two months, and they still loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes.

"Jack," she called at the top of her voice—
"Jack, come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a stick, and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room, breathlessly, and found her looking out of the window.

"Look," said she, "that's the kind of bonnet I want you to get me."

WILLING TO TAKE HIS CHANCES.

A Chicago minister tells of an amusing wedding function that he attended in his early days in a Minnesota town.

The room wherein the feast that follows the ceremony was spread was not large, and was soon crowded to overflowing. The bride and the groom, being left behind in the rush for refreshments, were among the last to enter the door.

Whereupon the groom, casting one comprehensive glance over the room, and seeing but a single empty chair, hastily deposited his bride in it.

"Mary Katharine," said he, "you sit here and eat as fast as you can before everything's gone. I'll take my chances on the second lot. If I don't get anything, it won't make much difference, for I knew just how it would be, and filled up pretty well before I left home."



THE EUPHEMISMS OF MASSACRE

Turkey (at Tripoli): "When I was charged with this kind of thing in Bulgaria, nobody accused me on the ground of military exigencies!"

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



A few weeks ago I ventured to suggest that the Edmonton Council should take advantage of the work which the golf club had done on the Hudson's Bay flats and maintain public links there. The idea prevails here that golf is a game for a man who has a great deal of money and time to spend on his sports. As a matter of fact there is every reason why it should become popular with all classes. The man who almost won the amateur championship in England the other day is a chauffeur and the Manchester City News has this very readable comment to make on the incident.

For years now some municipalities, fired by Scotland's great example, have been offering cheap golf so that the artisan shall benefit his health and character by the playing of this most wonderful of all games. Not two years ago Manchester, lagging behind timidly for some reason, joined the band of apostles by providing a searching course in Heaton Park, and though as yet it has produced no great players amongst the working-classes, so far as I have heard, at any rate, it may do so. It is, indeed, quite evident that there is plenty of talent amongst this section of the community; striking examples have been placed before us just now. Pride of place in this regard must, of course, be assigned to Mr. Abe Mitchell. Sir Abe Bailey's chauffeur, who last week at Westwood Hill proved himself the equal of any amateur in the world. And not only has he surpassing skill at the game, but he possesses that grit which we like to think characteristic of the Britisher. A man who can take Mr. John Ball, that imperturbable match player who has played in ten amateur championship finals, to the thirty-eighth green before acknowledging defeat must have that quality in great measure. Close upon his great performance came news of another artisan's success—this time a miner who works at the coal face in the Bestwood Pit, and who learned golf in the Butwell Forest Artisans' Club. He is a Mr. W. A. Stacey, and on Saturday from a field of 120 players, representative of the principal clubs in the county, he secured the amateur golf championship of Nottingham. These happenings, I take it, are only the beginning of a series and few of us will begrudge the artisans their successes.

One would have thought that no one who had the smallest claim to the title of golfer would have regretted that artisans should possess such skill at the game, but an incident is reported at the Westwood Hill final which shows that on occasions a golfer, as such, can be a snob. There were, unfortunately, a good few in the crowd, and their behaviour may be inferred from the statement that in one instance when Mitchell's ball was over-running the green into a bunker they urged it to "Go on, Go on" quite audibly. It is difficult to realize what these aristocrats feared from Mitchell's victory. Were they afraid that some day he would walk into their smoke-room, and interrupt their game of bridge and the enjoyment of their whiskies and sodas and cigars by knocking over the tables and proclaiming boldly that he was amateur champion? Some of the gang of snobs were dismissed competitors, and were perhaps jealous that a working man should have proved a better player than they were, or very likely could ever hope to be. But, whatever the reason, the behaviour was disgustingly low, and would have made the roughest working man ashamed had one of their number thus forgotten the elements of fair play. So far as our information goes Mr. Mitchell had as much right to be in the final as Mr. John Ball, whose gentlemanly and sportsmanlike bearing towards his doughty opponent was a lesson to the snobs had they the wits to appreciate it. There was, indeed, nothing to choose between the two great golfers in this regard. One instance will suffice as demonstration. Both players struck spectators at the fifth hole. Mr. Mitchell's ball underservedly found a bunker; Mr. Ball's underservedly found the green. "Have another shot," said Mr. Ball immediately; Mr. Mitchell without hesitation courteously declined the sportsmanlike offer. Those are the sort of men we like our champions to be, and if they are such it matters not to us if they cannot afford to own motor cars and eat expensive lunches at expensive clubhouses; if they do not talk with a public school accent. Perhaps the snobs may have a different point of view, though.

Mr. John Ball's victory serves to draw attention to one of the great attractions of golf, that you don't have to give it up when you feel old age creeping on you. He won his first championship twenty-four years ago, when his opponent in the final had the infirm stance of a one-year-old. "It says a good deal for the quality of the game that two men of such different ages and, indeed, pursuits should run a neck-and-neck race of this sort at the end of a varied and nervous competition," observes the London Mail. "If Mr. Mitchell, in his youthful vigour, could drive the famous rushes, Mr. John Ball could hole a twelve-yard putt. It was all as it should be; and it is quite proper to the occasion to feel a certain national pride when our veterans in games or politics or literature or science—a Tom

Morris or a W. G. Grace; a W. E. Gladstone, a Hardy, a Hooker—keep up our British reputation for stamina."

Rube Marquard's exceptional string of successive victories has led some of the able critics to overhaul the records in that particular line of baseball. One gives the palm to Luby, who, while pitching for the Chicago Nationals in 1890, officiated in 20 successive winning games. Another awards it to Charley Radbourn of the Providence champions of 1884, who scored 18 straight victories. The record, though, is held by Jim McCormick, who, in 1886, while pitching for the Chicago Nationals under Anson, hung up the record of 24 straight games, without even a tie being mixed up in his victories. McCormick was a man of unusual physique and brain and was one of the few ball players who retired from the game in the very zenith of his prowess. He was a resident of Paterson, N. J., whence came also great Mike Kelly, and after quitting baseball ran a stable of horses. In the days of McCormick and Radbourn the pitcher's box was only 45 feet distant from the plate and the pitchers were not so circumscribed in their movements by the rules as they are now—they could take a hop, skip and a jump before pitching the ball if they wanted to. But to offset that there was no such thing as taking a pitcher out; if he once started, he had to finish, unless the captain of the opposing team was convinced he was physically disabled.

The weather made it necessary to declare the first test match between England and Australia a draw. England had made 310 for seven wickets, and Australia 282 for the same number of wickets, so that the teams were as much on an equality as it was possible for them to be. McCartney, the most consistent batsman, missed his century by but one run. The showing of the young Australian players has been particularly gratifying, but South Africa is distinctly not in a class with the others as yet. However, it would be a mistake to leave her out of future inter-imperial contests, and an effort should be made to bring Canada in. A really representative Canadian team would, I believe, surprise the critics.

The lightweight championship battle at Bassano aroused much interest and seems to have been conducted in such a way as to help the sport along. Bayley surprised everyone by his form and Allen, the former champion, can have no complaint over the decision.

It is to be hoped that the battle for which Tommy Burns has signed with Bill Rickards, to take place in Saskatoon, on August 8, will turn out a little different from the affair with Connell, projected in Edmonton. A man who has held the position that Burns has should be very careful as to who he agrees to take on.

Vancouver seems to have definitely said goodbye to the Minto Cup for the season. Despite the most careful preparations and with Newby Lalonde on deck, the Con Jones aggregation lost to New Westminster on Saturday by 4-3, extra time being required. No tears will be shed over the result, outside of Vancouver.

Soccer football is very popular in Lethbridge this year and it is proposed to send a team to compete for the People's Shield at Winnipeg during the Fair week in that city.

Some of our old friends among the running horses were actors in the races at Calgary. On Saturday Dorile, who was left at the post in Edmonton after being a hot favorite for the event, won out in the five furlong in a sprint that carried the crowd off its feet. Miss Alveston, who was third in this event, won the seven furlong on Monday, with Dorile a strong challenger.

The talk about the Derby favorite, Sweeper II, having been doped isn't paid much attention to in well-informed circles. At Ascot the other day he was badly beaten. It was simply a case of over-training, so say the experts. Incidentally his defeat in the Derby was rather rough on the publishers of the Sporting and Dramatic News, who published a colored print of him the week of the race, his winning being taken for granted.

A good deal of pessimistic talk is being heard about the chances of the Canadian Olympic Team at Stockholm. Some say that Goulding and Gillis, in the walking and the weight events respectively, are the only ones that have a chance. But Alberta's faith in Deceatone does not waver. With more thorough training he is bound to improve in his showing at Toronto, good though that was.

The rain spoiled the Dominion Day sports. Those on the south side will be pulled off on July 10th. The Calgary cricketers were here for a game with Edmonton which was being eagerly looked forward to. On Saturday they won from Strathcona by an innings and nine runs at the Exhibition park. The same day Edmonton received a big surprise in playing Loughheed. It is not easy to find that place on the map and one would not look for much of a team from it. But after Edmonton had put on 130 runs for three wickets and declared the innings closed, Loughheed responded with 174 for seven, winning the match. For Loughheed the top scores were made by Watson, 56, not out, and Coughlin, 32, not out. Edmonton batted particularly well, Anderson's 50, not out, and Hardisty's 60, not out, both being fine displays. Altogether the batting was of a very high order.

The Wise man moves next-door to a family whose income is less than his.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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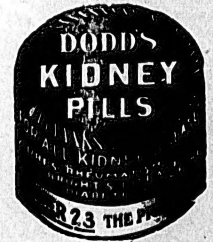
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Campbell & Ottewill



THE INVESTOR

(Continued from page five)

a whole are ready to blindly endorse. The company is making a big departure from its former conservative programme, and one that involves heavy expense. It therefore lies with the board to take their shareholders very fully into their confidence with regard to what they mean to do, and how much they intend to spend, so that the shareholders may be better judge for themselves whether the gloomy predictions now being made by critics in this country and in Canada should be heeded. Full information of the kind is certainly not the less necessary in view of the price to which Hudson's Bay shares have been advanced. Assuming that the July dividend be £3, this will make a total for the financial year of £2, and as the shares stand at 136 the yield would be less than 3 per cent.

The Edmonton statistics for June more than continue the astounding story that was unfolded by those of the two previous months. A new record was established by the building permits, the total reaching \$2,845,533. In June 1911 they were but \$357,927. The first six months of the year total \$7,762,022, as compared with \$1,620,431, for a similar period in 1911. Nothing could illustrate more forcibly than this the great change that twelve months has brought about. The total for the six months is considerably more than twice as great as for the whole of last year.

The bank clearings have doubled on both the single month and the six months and are now close to Ottawa's each week, Calgary having left the capital of the Dominion away in the lee.

The customs were three times what they were in June, 1911.

The returns of the special census are expected next week. In view of the figures just given, it would strain no one's credulity if the population were placed at 50,000. This would leave less than 20,000 to be accounted for by the growth that has taken place in the year and the admitted defects of the Dominion count.

Excavation has been completed for a three storey building to be erected on McDougall Avenue, south of the McDougall court building, by the Great Dominion Land Company of Vancouver. This is opposite the site of the Grand Trunk Pacific hotel, tenders for the construction of which are to be opened in Montreal on July 15.

The building erected on the east side of Fourth street by Mr. D. R. Ker of Victoria will be five storeys in height. The greater part of it is to be occupied by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company.

The reports from Toledo are more encouraging than ever in regard to the gas strike. The pressure has increased from 200 to 300 pounds.

The crop conditions are ideal. On June 27 the Winnipeg Free Press made a summing up based on the reports of correspondents in all parts of the west, that with general rains within the next ten days, the crop would be fairly well assured. The rains came in abundance at the end of last week. Sunday and Monday saw a soaker all through this part of the country and warm weather has succeeded at the end of this.

On June 26 Mr. Norman Lambert of the Toronto Globe's special correspondent sent the following from Winnipeg to his paper:

"At present the crop looks like 'a sure thing.' The last report to Mr. Thos. S. Acheson, General Grain Agent of the C.P.R., showed a perfectly satisfactory condition throughout the whole west. The average height of the wheat plant is ten inches, and in certain sections it has reached as high as thirteen and fourteen inches. Some of the old-timers say that there is enough moisture in the ground now to shoot the crop steadily upward to maturity, but generally speaking another rainy week, including a few heavy down-pours before July, will improve conditions to a degree of comparative safety. Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and if July and August are favorable months that guess will be none too large."

So far as anything can be with certainty forecasted in regard to agricultural operations, we can count absolutely on a first class year.

This news item was sent out from the city hall this week.

According to a report received by commissioners yesterday from the city engineer, the boulevarding of Second street, north of Vermilion avenue, should be proceeded with. The recommendation states that if thought best it would be possible to so place the sidewalk that no changes would have to be made in the future if the street did become business.

Similar plans will be adopted in laying the sidewalks on Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth streets south of Jasper avenue. The new sidewalks will be laid so that they will become part of larger sidewalks necessary when due course of time these streets are used solely for business purposes.

Mr. Steel Maitland, a prominent member of the British House of Commons, has been writing to the London Weekly, "Canada," giving some impressions of a trip through the Dominion. He has much to say about the chances of city planning in this country and makes a particular reference to Edmonton. He writes as follows:

"Let me take two examples, to illustrate, and I think, to justify my condemnation. Calgary and Edmonton are both prosperous cities, both good

mechanical concerns. But a man who had rapidly passed through both might well be puzzled to recollect which was which, and either of them might be anywhere else. Yet, think of their possibilities—Calgary with its river and its background of hills. And Edmonton—Edmonton offers almost an ideal site to the town-planner. Its possibilities stare you in the face. It lies, you know, on a river, and the river flows in a valley. On the one side the land rises high, straight from the river bed, on the other it slopes up gradually. This slope is, of course, an ideal site for a park. Anybody can see that. The earliest inhabitants of Edmonton saw it. They wanted the site for a park. They asked the price, and were told that it was \$5,000. They thought in the old-fashioned way that town-planning was something that meant a money gain—just as the British thought in the seventies. So they said it was too dear, and let the chance go by. Yet they knew that they had done the wrong thing, and a little later they asked the price again. The Sibylline books had been burnt. The price was now \$50,000. Again they hesitated; again they said it was too dear. Quite lately they asked the price a third time. It had risen to \$500,000. I am not sure whether that chance is still open, or whether they have again said it is too dear. But this I know, that in twenty years' time, when Edmonton is a great city anxious to be worthy of its position as a capital, its inhabitants will feel that they must have a park, and that the only proper site for a park is that slope to the river. They will be lucky then if they can get it for \$5,000,000—and how they will deplore the short-sightedness of their fathers, who, if they had but kept abreast of contemporary ideas of town-planning, could have got it for \$5,000."

Mr. Steel Maitland probably has reference to the Hudson's Bay flat. If he has, he will be glad to know that the property has been purchased and that the cost was about half the figure that he states.

Mr. J. P. McConnell, of the Vancouver Saturday Sunset, devoted his front page last week very largely to some notes on a trip through Alberta to Athabasca Landing. Here are two paragraphs:

"That the opening of the Panama Canal and with its opening, the establishment of a Pacific grain route, will work a tremendous benefit to Alberta, is apparent to residents of the Coast; but it is the bread and butter of conversation of the man who lives in Alberta. Alberta is keenly alive to its meaning. More so, I fancy, than even those of us at the Coast. The saving of a few cents a bushel on cost of marketing Alberta wheat will mean a very large amount of money in the aggregate and an important saving to the individual farmer."

"Albertans eyes are certainly turned towards the Pacific. The Pacific looks much closer to Edmonton than Edmonton looks to Vancouver. I met a man here yesterday who 'had just been over to Vancouver.' 'I saw you in the club the other day,' he said, in a tone that implied a nearness and familiarity with Vancouver such as cannot be found in that city with regard to Edmonton. Yet Edmonton and Calgary will in a few years be in very close communication with a huge traffic passing to and fro, with brokers and wholesalers having branch offices in each city, with markets for the mutual exchange of grain and other commodities. The interests of the West and the prairie cities are complementary and inter-dependent. The more Alberta develops the stronger will this fact become apparent."

Albertans should be interested in the Panama Canal and the possibilities of development of the Pacific trade but the man on the spot can hardly see that they are to the extent that Mr. McConnell states.

For some time past the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in London has had under consideration the question of taking some effective steps to prevent the sale in Great Britain of so-called "town-lots" or "building plots" in or near rising cities in Canadian West, which "town lots" are of a worthless character, as far as being useful as city building sites is concerned. Instances have been brought to the notice of the chamber of unscrupulous firms exploiting the British market who are selling property by means of inaccurate plans and drawings and descriptive matter of a misleading character, and in order to prevent further imposition on the British investor, the chamber has asked the leading firms in Great Britain dealing in Canadian real estate to pledge themselves to the following conditions:

(a) Not to offer for sale any land described as Canadian Town Lots or similarly termed, a plan of which has not been registered for subdivision in accordance with the provisions of the local Land Titles Act in Canada.

(b) Not to distribute any map of any property intended to promote the sale of that property as town lots which does not show the whole of the town in or near which the property is situated and which does not bear on the face of it the following information:

(1) The scale, which may not be less than two inches to one mile. (This applies to cities which at the last census had a population of 100,000 or under. In respect to cities having a larger population a smaller scale key plan may be used.)

(2) Radial circles of distances from recognized center of the town.

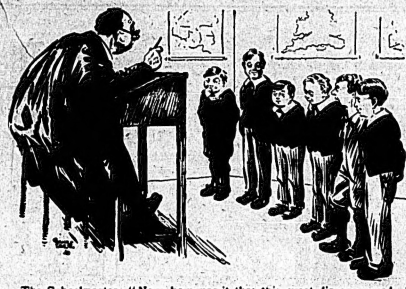
(3) The existing boundaries of the municipality.

(4) The land registered for subdivision marked distinctly in colors, shading or otherwise.

(5) The population of the town at the last census.

(6) The address of Land Titles office where original plan of subdivision is filed.

British investors are asked by the chamber to see that the plans and particulars of property offered to them comply in every respect with the foregoing conditions, to which the members of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce are subscribing.



The Schoolmaster: "Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death?"
The Up-to-date Scholar: "Because he didn't advertise it."
—London Sketch.

A Little Known Story of an Attempt on the Czar's Life

(Continued from page five)

the dining-room, and we all followed.

"We had reached the second ante-chamber, and the Czar was approaching the open door of the dining-room, through which the servants could be observed, awaiting us, ranged in position behind the chairs.

"At this moment the most awful explosion rent the air; the dining-room vanished from our view, and we were plunged into impenetrable darkness.

"We were stunned and terror-stricken by the shock; some were thrown down; all had their nerves shattered.

"How can I possibly describe the agony of mind we suffered, expecting, as we did, at any moment another explosion beneath us! It is impossible—impossible for me to tell or for you to conceive.

"When the echoes of the explosion died away, a dead silence succeeded, which, united with the darkness prevailing, so dense as almost to be felt, conducted to render our helpless position still more painful and unendurable.

"Presently out of the darkness came the clear, calm voice of the Czar.

"My children, let us pray!"

"The sound of his voice, while reassuring us as to his safety so far, relieved the awful strain on our nerves and brought comfort to our hearts.

"We sank to our knees sobbing. "How long we remained so I really do not know. It seemed an eternity of anguish before the guards appeared with candles, little expecting to find us alive.

"Some of us were nearly demented when the welcome relief arrived, and our feelings were not calmed as we then contemplated the awful nature of the destruction we had escaped.

"A few feet in front of the Czar was a black chasm, where so short a time had been the brilliantly lit dining-room filled with servants.

"Not a trace of it or of them remained.

"It really seemed as if the hand of Providence had delayed the Czar's arrival; otherwise we should have shared the same fate. The dim light from the candles intensified the terrifying aspect of the scene before us, and we hastened to leave it for the comparative safety of our own apartments.

"The dread of further explosions haunted us like a hideous nightmare during that long and dreary night.

"Never, I pray, concluded the Grand Duchess, 'may I have to undergo such agony again!'"

JIMMY FLANNIGAN OF SASKATOON.

Anywhere within a five hundred mile radius of Saskatoon, which is to say, anywhere between Winnipeg and the Rockies, you will hear of Jimmy Flannigan. Jimmy built the first good hotel in Saskatoon and to that extent was a public benefactor. Flannigan's hotel was not a resort of eastern luxury, but it served its time, and was regarded by commercial travelers as an oasis in the desert. Jimmy Flannigan is dead now, but many stories about him are still extant. He had a red face and side whiskers that stood at right angles along with certain characteristics which seem to go with that set of features.

It was to Jimmy Flannigan that a finicky hardware traveler complained one midnight that his room was too small. It was the drummer's first trip west or he would have known better. Prairie hotels were few and far between in those days and were mighty independent.

"My room's stuffy," said the traveler, "and I can't get my truncheon between the bed and the bureau."

"Want a nice, large, airy room?" inquired Jimmy, with an engaging smile.

"That's it," said the traveler. "You'd like to move right away?"

The hardware man signified his assent and Jimmy said he would help him with his traps. Going up to the third floor, Jimmy helped the traveling man down with two bags and an extension suit case which he deposited on the street in front of the hotel.

"There," said Jimmy, pointing to the sky, "is your large, airy room, with a star-spangled ceiling. Go to it. The porter will be here with your trunk in a minute."

Jimmy was always willing to go out of his way to oblige customers, and one night, the porter being sick, he sat up all night in order to wake a traveler for the five o'clock train. When the time came to wake the traveling man, Jimmy went up to his room, and shook him violently.

"Get up," said Jimmy, "your train's due in half an hour."

"I've changed my mind," said the traveler, "I'm not going," and he rolled over on his other side.

"You may have changed your mind," said Jimmy, "but I haven't changed mine. You've got to go on that train, and I'm going to see that you do it."

History relates that the traveler went.

In Jimmy's new hotel the bar-room was at the end of a long passage, on one side of which was the writing room, and on the other side the reading room. Patrons of the



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house objected that these rooms were not of much use to them because of the noise in the passage. A local furniture dealer approached Jimmy with a proposition to put cork matting in the passage and cut out the disturbance. "How much will it cost?" Jimmy asked. "About six hundred dollars." "Too much," said Jimmy. "Why man, I can put rubber heels on everybody in the house for less money."